THE PACIFIC

VOL. LXIII SAN FRANCISCO AND BERKELEY, CAL. FEBRUARY 26, 1913 No. 9

Pac Theo Sem
Reading Room

PACIFIC
Theological Seminary

THE FORTUNATE ISLES.

You sail and you seek for the Fortunate Isles,
The old Greek Isles of the yellow bird's song?
Then steer straight on through the watery miles,
Straight on, straight on, and you can't go wrong.
Nay not to the left, nay not to the right,
But on, straight on, and the isles are in sight,
The old Greek Isles where the yellow birds sing
And life lies girt with a golden ring.

These Fortunate Isles they are not so far,
They lie within reach of the lowliest door;
You can see them gleam by the twilight star;
You can hear them sing by the moon's white shore—
Nay never look back! Those leveled grave stones
They were landing steps; they were steps unto thrones
Of glory for souls that have gone before,
And have set white feet on the fortunate shore.

And what are the names of the Fortunate Isles?
Why, Duty and Love and a large Content.
Lo! these are the isles of the watery miles,
That God let down from the firmament.
Aye! Duty, and Love, and a true man's trust;
Your forehead to God though your feet in the dust.
Aye! Duty to man, and to God meanwhiles,
And these, O friend, are the Fortunate Isles.

—Joaquin Miller.

THE PACIFIC

Established 1851.

Representative of the Congregational Churches of the Pacific Coast. Subscription price, $1.50 a year.

Published weekly by the Publishing Co. of The Pacific, at 447 Minna Street, San Francisco.

(The editor and manger is at 2716 Hillegass Avenue, Berkeley, and prefers to have all letters so addressed.)

Entered as second-class matter January 5, 1909, at the Post Office at San Francisco, Cal., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

W. W. Ferrier - - - - - - - Editor

2716 Hillegass Ave., Berkeley

WASTING TIME AS MAYOR OF BERKELEY!

The decision of Mayor Wilson of Berkeley not to stand for re-election brings to mind the words of sacred writ where the prophet Nehemiah is reported as saying to those who would entice him away from the work of rebuilding the walls of Jerusalem: "I sent messengers unto them, saying, I am doing a great work so that I cannot come down; why should the work cease whilst I leave it and come down to you?"

In his letter to his Socialist comrades, declining renomination, Mr. Wilson says:

"This republic is facing a most momentous crisis. No patriot can contemplate the situation without great concern. And deep moral power and spiritual energy must be released, if this crisis is to be peacefully and triumphantly passed.

"The materialism, mammonism and social injustice of the 'system,' and its inevitable fruits of plain downright sin and selfishness, need the moral impeachment and regeneration that can come to us only through some such sincere, simple, holy, inspired humanity-loveng movement as primitive Christianity, adapted to our generation.

"The sprit of such a movement seems to hover over us awaiting habitation in human hearts and lives. The call seems to come for men and women to count the cost, and forsaking every worldly advantage or gain or place or power, and led of the divine spirit to lose themselves in a passionate service for humanity which would eventually lift this civilization out of its economic slavery and spiritual limitations, into social justice and genuine righteousness."

Mr. Wilson was not elected mayor of Berkeley by Socialists, but by people of all parties uniting on him as the most desirable candidate for the position. His experience during his incumbency, with a majority of the council not in sympathy with his socialistic ideas, and with no prospects that a favorable majority could be secured in the council in the next election, leads him to the conclusion that he would be wasting time and energy to continue longer in office.

Whether people believe or not that the cause which Mr. Wilson so bravely and ably champions is a righteous one and must prevail, they admit that he is a sincere man, and the crusade on which he plans to enter as soon as he lays down his duties as mayor will be watched with interest.

The crisis which this nation faces he declares "requires a spiritual revolution, a perfect moral upheaval, a baptism of goodness and power and wisdom in some degree comparable to that movement which redated history nineteen hundred years ago. The task before the nation is titanic, and titanic forcs will alone be equal to it."

It is Mr. Wilson's judgment that "there are multitudes weary of the false ideals, and the empty rewards and the ashes of these materialistic days—multitudes ready to renounce the world-spirit in all its forms and become the organs of the Christ-mind and instruments in bringing in the new day."

Accordingly he feels called to go through the cities and towns and villages of the state proclaiming what he regards as the Christ message to this day and generation; and later, at the time of the Panama-Pacific Exposition, to give at all hours of the day, in a great amphitheater in San Francisco, what he regards as "a message of the deepest spiritual quality and loftiest social vision."

Now we do not suppose that Mr. Wilson is going to revolutionize our industrial system in short order, and introduce socialism. But he is going to figure prominently in an agitation which will result in something better. He is a poor reader of the signs of the times who thinks that conditions such as now exist are going to be perpetuated many years longer. This nation will have industrial democracy or socialism before the middle of the twentieth century. The wage system is not an old thing. It will pass, and something other and better will take its place.

THE VOICE OF THE POET.

In an article in The Pacific last week entitled "A Voice From the Heights," we let Joaquin Miller speak to our readers. Our aim was not to write something about him for the readers of The Pacific to read; but, by a grouping together of some of the truths by him so beautifully and impressively expressed, let him speak direct to the reader. We believe that Joaquin Miller has had and will continue long time to have a message for the American people.

Scattered through The Pacific this week will be found several fragments from his poems well worth treasuring as well as several complete poems.

Professor Charles Mills Gayley who is at the head of the department of English literature in the University of California says that "Joaquin Miller's best verse will maintain a position among the enduring poetry of America for generations to come." Professor Gayley adds: "He was a charming, romantic and poetic personality, and his loss will be sincerely mourned not only by his friends on this side of the Atlantic, but also by his numerous admirers in England. He is one of the few poets who have preserved for us the flavor of mining and camping life of the early pioneers."

WHAT WAS JOAQUIN MILLER'S BEST POEM?

The London Atheneum several years ago fixed on "Columbus" as Joaquin Miller's best poem. The Atheneum even went so far as to call it "the best American poem."

Concerning this the poet himself said: "Let me say to my following, it is far from that. Even I have done better; too much like a chorus. 'The passing of Tennyson' is better. 'The Missouri' better still." Concerning the latter

Miller adds: "Besides, 'The Missouri' has a right to exist, as it stirred the waters from 'The Shining Mountains' to the Gulf of Mexico, and taught the nation to no longer disdain 'The Father of Waters.' "

These three poems will be found in The Pacific this week.

We incline to place first the poem on Columbus because it depicts so graphically and beautifully a wonderful courage. There is something magnificent in it throughout. But there is magnificence also in each of the other poems. In the poem concerning Columbus, that which grips us is the grandeur of the human spirit; in "The Missouri," it is the grandeur or power of nature; in "The Passing of Tennyson" it is the insatiability of something beyond our ken that would be satisfied only when to it had been surrendered the world's best.

Never was courage more graphically and powerfully expressed than Joaquin Miller expresses it in his poem on Columbus. It required a stout heart and an indomitable will to meet and overcome the difficulties of that first voyage across the Atlantic. In the opinion of many persons the sea was full of ravenous monsters which might at any moment spring up and devour mariners so adventurous. The thought was that vessels might at length plunge over a great watery abyss. And a homeward voyage many thought could never be made by vessels venturing far westward over the sea. It would be a journey up a perpetual mountain of water. To secure the necessary crew men had to be impressed into the service, and more than once on the voyage there was imminent danger that the great captain would be forced to turn back. But ever his word was "Sail on; sail on, and on!"

JOAQUIN MILLER'S LAST MESSAGE.

According to daily newspaper statements, authorized it seems by his wife and daughter, "a last" poem was written by Joaquin Miller two or three days before his death. It was the one first quoted in our article last week. The story runs:

" 'This is my last message to the world,' he told his wife, to whom he gave the pieces of paper on which he had laboriously penciled the lines."

However, we find the first stanza in a poem written by him several years ago, entitled "Adios." We have not come across the second stanza; but are of the opinion that it also was written some time before his last days, and that all he did at that time was to link them together and designate them as his final message. As to this we may be in error. He may of course have taken the first stanza as it appears in "Adios," and have then and there added to it the second. But be this as it may, it was a good message to leave to the world. Blessed are they who heed it!

B. FAY MILLS IN NEW YORK.

B. Fay Mills has been drawing many people to a series of lectures which he is giving in various places in New York City. The New York Sun, in telling of his work, says that "hs catholicity is as wide as it is uncommon."

He would encourage both Christian Science and the Emmanuel movement. He sees an uplift in Confucian doctrine. He would gather up everything that makes for righteousness, for the upward push as he puts it—everything that mentally heals and physically cleanses, everything that intellectually develops and morally regenerates, everything that reincarnates, whether it be the study of "Science and Health" or "Leaves of Grass," whether Victor Hugo's story of Jean Valjean or Augustus Thoma's "As a Man Thinks."

The writer of the Sun article tells of Mr. Mills' experience in Chicago at the time of the exposition in 1893. He was, it is said, one of the speakers at the World's Congress of Religions. The writer says:

"He was more eloquent than ever before in his evangelistic career. He marshalled his arguments with skill and delivered his conclusions with earnestness. But others followed. The voice of Swami Vivekananda was among the last to be heard. When he had finished the Rev. Mr. Mills buried his face in his hands. He had learned that there were more things in heaven and earth than were dreamed of in his philosophy. He began to think out for himself some of these things. * * * For twenty years he has been studying the scriptures of the Jew and gentile, the scriptures of Buddha and Krishna, the scriptures of Ralph Waldo Emerson and Walt Whitman, the scriptures of ancient Greece and of modern France, the scriptures of Confucius and Tolstoy."

Our criticism of B. Fay Mills is this: He does not err in drawing truth from all sources but by failing to make it all head up in Jesus Christ—the World's Greatest Luminary. In his search for truth he seems to have side-tracked the Bible and the Matchless Character and to rely on almost anything else and any one else.

"O Man of the far away ages,
O Man of the far away land,
More art thou than all of the sages,
More art Thou than creed or command.
To crown Thee we need but to know Thee,
We need but to live Thee to prove
Nor time nor decay can o'er throw Thee,
Humanity's ultimate love."

THE EVANGELIST WILLIAM SUNDAY IN COLUMBUS, OHIO.

The evangelistic meetings which William Sunday began early in January in Columbus came to an end on the 16th of February. The Herald and Presbyter makes report as follows:

"It is reported that there have been over nineteen thousand professed conversions. The meetings have been held in a tabernacle accommodating twelve thousand persons. The physical demands on the evangelist in conducting such a meeting and speaking to so many persons have been tremendous and absolutely beyond the physical power of most men. On last Sabbath he spoke to at least forty thousand persons, preaching five times, at the tabernacle, Memorial Hall and at the State Penitentiary. The number of those professing conversion is beyond all records for such meetings, even for Dr. Sunday. He has preached the Gospel without a break, as true and pure and distinct as the preaching of Dr. John Hall and Charles H. Spurgeon, and all the criticism is the mere caviling of the unbelieving and indifferent. It is no wonder that the freewill offering sent in to Dr. Sunday on the last day at Columbus amounted to over twenty thousand dollars. Such a community would do no less, after such a work, for such an evangelist and his helpers. The local expenses of the meeting, amounting to almost an equal sum, were, of course, promptly and readily met."

The Pacific canot confess to any admiration for William

Sunday as an evangelist. We are glad, however, to give place to this hearty commendation.

If we could hear of Mr. Sunday making some such use of the large amount of money given him as Mr. Moody made of the money received in his evangelistic campaigns we could overlook somewhat his methods. We are unable to see how a man can make a hundred or two hundred thousand dollars a year preaching the gospel and fail to turn nearly all of it into Christian work channels and escape from the charge of being mercenary.

The fact that the offerings are "free will offerings" does not change the aspect of the case.

It may be that we misjudge and wrong "Billy" Sunday. But it seems to us to scandalize Christianity for an evangelist to carry away for his own use twenty thousand dollars from a single community for a few weeks' preaching of the gospel. Is that after the pattern of the Man of Nazareth and that of the Apostles?

When "Billy" Sunday says to the people where he holds his meetings that he would be pleased to have them make a free-will offering for missions and limits his own emoluments to a moderate sum, we shall be able to discern more of the Spirit of God in his efforts than we are able to discern there now notwithstanding the reported conversions. As things are there is too much of a suggestion of mesmerism or hypnotism.

CRUMBS FROM THE TABLE OF DIVES!

The Northwestern Christian Advocate comments on the declination of Mayor Wilson of Berkeley to attend the banquet of the Associated Charities in San Francisco and adds:

"Recently a famous ball was given by high society of Chicago for 'sweet' charity's sake where $10 admission was charged. Cigarettes were sold by women in one booth; ballet dancers were brought in to gyrate, champagne flowed nearly all night and a general 'good' time was had. The display of jewels and dresses ran into the millions of dollars while several women came to the ballroom under police protection. A little over $12,000 was cleared for charity."

What will properly characterize this other than "Crumbs from the Table of Dives?"

HOW LONG! OH, HOW LONG!

Among some Idaho notes in The Pacific Presbyterian we find the following concerning the work at Nez Perce:

"We are still holding on with the church here. Two new members were received recently. Mrs. R. C. B— has been installed as the new Sunday-school superintendent, giving new life to the Sunday school. But what a shame when there is such a cry for workers all over the land, to have nine struggling church organizations in a small town like Nezperce, with a population of less than 100 for each church. The Presbyterian Church was the first church on the ground, and ought to have the field. When will the different denominations catch the Spirit of Christ and cease overchurching these smaller towns?"

We look in the Year Book and find that there is no Congregational church at Nez Perce, and are glad to find it so.

In the Seattle Post-Intelligencer we find a more encouraging item. It is concerning the federation of the Congregational and the "Christian" church at Toppenish, Washington. Recently the Rev. C. H. Curtis, who has been in charge of the Congregational church at Toppenish for the last year and a half, resigned to accept a call from the Edgewater Church in Seattle. Now, the Congregational church and the Christian church form an organization with two sets of members, on account of the baptismal belief of the "Christian" people, but with one official board and one pastor. The building is held as the property of the "Christians," the Congregationalists turning over a building fund and taking therefor mortgage security.

We shall watch this arrangement with much interest. Our Year Book gives the membership of the Congregational church at Toppenish as 30 on the first of January 1912.

THE PASSING OF TENNYSON.

My kinsmen, kings of thought,
I hear your gathered symphonies,
Such nights as when the world is not,
And great stars chorus through my trees.

* * * * * *

We knew it, as God's prophets knew;
We knew it, as mute red men know,
When Mars leapt searching heaven through
With flaming torch, that he must go.
Then Browning, he who knew the stars,
Stood forth and faced insatiate Mars.

Then up from Cambridge rose and turned
Sweet Lowell from his Druid trees—
Turned where the great star blazed and burned,
As if his own soul might appease.
Yet on and on through all the stars
Still searched and searched insatiate Mars.

Then stanch Walt Whitman saw and knew;
Forgetful of his "Leaves of Grass,"
He heard his "Drum Taps," and God drew
His great soul through the shining pass,
Made light, made bright by burnished stars;
Made scintillant from flaming Mars.

Then soft-voiced Whittier was heard
To cease; was heard to sing no more,
As you have heard some sweetest bird
The more because its song is o'er.
Yet brighter up the street of stars
Still blazed and burned and beckoned Mars.

* * * * * *

And then the king came; king of thought,
King David with his harp and crown. . . .
How wisely well the gods had wrought
That these had gone, and sat them down
To wait and welcome 'mid the stars
All silent in the light of Mars.

All silent. . . . So, he lies in state. . . .
Our redwoods drip and drip with rain. . . .
Against our rock-locked Golden Gate
We hear the great, sad, sobbing main.
But silent all. . . . He passed the stars
That year the whole world turned to Mars.

—Joaquin Miller..

The hero we love in this land today
Is the hero who lightens some fellowman's load—
Who makes of the mountain some pleasant highway;
Who makes of the desert some blossom-sown road.

—Joaquin Miller.

A NEGLECTED BOOK.

I have before me a copy of Dean Farrar's "Men I Have Known." The volume belongs to a public library, which, judging by the number of visitors always found in the reading-room, is not without appreciation. The library meets the literary craving of a city of some two or three thousand people and of a surrounding population of about half that number. I find the usual slip of paper attached on the inside of the front cover, and it is much in the nature of a surprise to learn from the type-written record that for nearly five long years this book has not been taken from the library. I propose to give some of the very interesting anecdotes the Dean relates about men with whose names and work we are more or less familiar, and when I have done so, I hope my readers will wonder with me why this book has not met with greater appreciation.

A book, standing with other books on a library shelf, has usually but two facts to convey to the would-be reader; viz., the name of the book and the name of the author. The name of the book in this instance, "Men I Have Known," I should think, would strongly appeal. It suggests anecdotes—good, wholesome available anecdotes—which would amuse and interest the casual reader, and be a perfect mine of wealth to the preacher and the public speaker. As to the name of the author, the word "Dean" might possibly deter some from opening the volume. It is easy to understand that the ecclesiastical environment of a dean may be a terra incognita to an orange grower or a raiser of prunes and therefore uninteresting to him. That, in a measure, may account for the neglect of the book. To anyone whose good fortune it was to hear the dean preach in St. Margarets—a church built in the actual shadow of Westminster Abbey and sometimes known as the "Church of the House of Commons—or to have read any of the other books written by him, the name Farrar would immediately attract and the book would prove irresistable. Is it not strange that in this country of traveled people, there was not one who cared enough to take the book home for quiet reading? The fact is we out here by this western sea are far removed from the Dean in time, in environment, in association, in everything.

But once the volume has been opened, I defy the fairly well read man to put it down without reluctance. Men whom Farrar knew personally—in many instances intimately—men who made the reign of Queen Victoria notable in history, and whom we know only by name or by the books they have written, become very real to us, become very human, and we feel ourselves enriched by a new and additional association with them.

Speaking of the world's interest in the lives of men it considers great and justifying himself for gratifying it, the Dean relates a story told him by Browning.

"Once" Browning said: "I was walking in the streets of Paris with my son who was then a little boy. We saw an old man approaching us in a long loose coat and with a stooping, shuffling gait. 'Touch that man as you pass him,' I whispered to my little son, 'I will tell you why afterwards.' The child touched him as he passed and I said to him, 'Now, my boy, you will always be able to remember in later years that you once saw and touched the great Beranger."

Dean Farrar devotes the first and longest chapter to Alfred Tennyson. He was familiar with the poet in his home at Aldworth, met him frequently at his club, took long walks with him and was permitted a generous insight into the inner life of the poet. It is scarcely fair to the Dean or to the Poet to select the merely interesting and humorous for this article, but I wish to emphasize the attractiveness of the neglected volume rather than its seriousness. They had been discussing the eternal punishment of the wicked, and Tennyson told Farrar of a farmer who, after hearing a red-hot sermon of never-ending fire and brimstone, consoled his wife quite sincerely with the naive remark, "Never mind, Sally, that must be wrong; no constitooshion couldn't stand it."

When Lionel Tennyson was married in the Abbey in the presence of a large crowd of distinguished people, the Dean officiated, and he relates the curious fact that Mr. and Mrs. Tennyson and their son Hallam were absent during the greater part of the ceremony, arriving only for the blessing, and he explains how it happened.

In the chapter on Browning he relates how Mr. Browning told him that on the appearance of one of his earlier books, John Stuart Mill offered to review it for one of the leading English magazines. The editor very regretfully declined, saying that a review had already appeared in his pages. Mr. Browning looked it up and found: "Bells and Pomegranites by Robert Browning—Balderdash."

Dean Farrar quotes from a Browning preface that "he had never given anything to the world which was willfully obscure, unconscientoiously careless or perversely harsh," though he said (this time quoting from a letter to a friend): "I never pretended to offer such literature as should be a substitute for a cigar or a game of dominoes to an idle man." This statement is interesting in the light of Mr. Lounsberry's book recently reviewed by Mr. Roosevelt, in which Lounsberry says: "In fact, commentators on Browning are like foghorns—they proclaim the existence of fog; they do not disperse it."

I would commend to my readers the chapter on Matthew Arnold. It is the sympathetic appreciation of one friend for another, a friend who like the Dean himself never received the practical rewards which fell to so many of their contemporaries. Mr. Arnold visited America and lectured, not altogether successfully, in some of our larger cities. A Chicago paper described him as "an elderly gentleman, who parts his hair in the middle, with supercilious manners and ill-fitting clothes." I have seen elsewhere that Mr. Arnold quoted this description of himself to Mrs. Proctor and, to tease him, that good lady replied, "Yes, Mr. Arnold, the writer was wrong—as to the clothes."

We can scarcely realize today the narrowness which existed thirty or forty years ago within the Church of England. That church included then, as it does now, amongst its communicants people of widely divergent views, and extremists, "high" and "low," were barely tolerant of each other. The "broad" churchmen, of whom were Maurice and Stanley, suffered from the criticism of both. Many things were said inconsistent with the beautiful petition in the Litany, that one which relates to "all uncharitableness." Those extremists, we are happy to think, by no means represented the whole church. Dean Farrar, who was himself under fire, speaks of his friend, Dean Stanley, with the greatest sympathy and gives an instance of intolerance which nowadays we can scarcely believe possible. Dean Stanley had unveiled a statue of John Bunyan at Bedford, and had given "one of his large, loving and delightful addresses on the immortal Baptist tinker." This provoked the following criticism in a Ritualist newspaper:

"A statue has been erected to a nonconformist at Bedford. Of course, the person invited to unveil it was the inevitable Dean of Westminster. All sorts of persons have

statues erected to them in these days. There is a personage, undoubtedly powerful and influential, to whom we quite expect soon to hear that a statue is to be erected. (Here followed an elaborate description of the Devil.) When the statue to this person is finished, we are quite sure that the fittest person to unveil it will be the Dean of Westminster."

Another example of the narrowness of that period is the treatment to Bishop Colenzo. Virtually "sent to Coventry" by his brethren of the cloth, this servant of God bore the contumely of a whole church, because, forsooth, his views on the Pentateuch differed from theirs. His loyalty to truth counted for nothing, his labors for his heathen charges in Natal, his unselfishness, his courage in defending the oppressed, counted for nothing. Bishop and curate alike avoided him, even his washerwoman refused to work for him because she lost customers by doing so. It is well for our higher critics of today that their laundrymen do not enquire into their orthodoxy.

One more story and I have done. Charles Kingsley was afflicted—or should I say blessed?—with a slight stammer. He once said to a friend: "Whenever I walk up to the pulpit in the Abbey I wish myself d-d-dead; and whenever I walk back I wish myself more d-d-d-dead."

I have by no means exhausted the good things in this neglected book. If I did I fear I should incur the wrath of the publishers (Crowell & Co., New York), whose name I purposely mention. I simply wish my readers to enjoy a treat with me.

V.

THE MISSOURI.

Where ranged thy black-maned woolly bulls
  By millions, fat and unafraid;
Where gold, unclaimed in cradlefuls,
  Slept 'mid the grass roots, gorge, and glade;
Where peaks companioned with the stars,
  And propped the blue with shining white,
With massive silver beams and bars, ,
  With copper bastions, height on height—
There wast thou born, O Lord of strength!
O yellow lion, leap and length
Of arm from out an Arctic clime
To far fair Mexic seas are thine!

What colors? Copper, silver, gold
  With sudden sweep and fury blent,
Enwound, unwound, inrolled, unrolled,
  Mad molder of the continent!
What whirlpools and what choking cries
  From out the concave swirl and sweep
As when some god cries out and dies
  Ten fathoms down thy tawny deep!
Yet on, right on, no time for death,
No time to gasp a second breath!
You plow a pathway through the main
To Morro's castle, Cuba's plain.

Hoar sire of hot, sweet Cuban seas,
  Gray father of the continent,
Fierce fashioner of destinies,
  Of states thou hast upreared or rent,
Thou know'st no limit; seas turn back,
  Bent, broken from the shaggy shore;
But thou, in thy resistless track,
  Art lord and master evermore.

Missouri surge and sing and sweep!
Missouri, master of the deep,
From snow-reared Rockies to the sea
Sweep on, sweep on eternally!

—Joaquin Miller.

MORE MEDIAEVAL HISTORY.

J. Rowell.

Physical San Francisco in 1857.

The second San Francisco was born in a day, as it were, out of a sudden emergency, the rush for California gold. It occupied the basin formed by Telegraph, Russian and Rincon Hills. Apart from a few one-story buildings of corrugated iron, it was a scattered crowd of wooden shacks of the poorest kind. Lumber was hardly obtainable at any price. This extreme scarcity did not last very long. Necessity ensures supply. The hills back of Oakland were clothed with redwood (Sequoia sempervirens), and a roughly built mill soon began their extermination. Other mills started up in Marin and Santa Cruz counties, and then at the mouth of navigable rivers all along the coast, and the lumber trade increased amazingly. The beautiful village, Mill Valley, owes its name to a saw mill built there. Many of the idle ships in the harbor, though not really seaworthy, were pressed into this lumber trade, and not all of them brought their lumber cargoes into port. Some of them were abandoned by their improvised crews at the mills, and some were wrecked. In after years their bones and remnants of their cargoes were utilized by farmers for fences. And when lumber was in better supply, the wholesale firms, housed in tiny hovels, moved into respectable buildings.

But for the new city a place had to be made. Dwellings were perched on the hillsides, but business houses must be on the level. But all this region was mud and shallow water, the tide flowing as far up as Montgomery and Jackson streets. The only way to get a place for buildings was to cart the superabundant sand down into the shallow water. So immense quantities of costly merchandise were stored in buildings with only sand and mud beneath them, and these soon burrowed their way downward. This could not last. A good foundation must be had. So the nearest pine and fir forests were invaded and the slender trees soon became fit for piles. This became a vast trade. Thousands and thousands of piles were brought into port and driven deep into the mud and shallow water. Streets were run down a half mile or more into the water, made wholly of piles and planks, and soon pile foundations were made for large shops and store houses. Everything built in this mile square basin rested on piles. These would support any weight were they long enough to reach the rocky bottom. At first all, or nearly all, were too short for this, and the costly buildings began to sag and become twisted and broken. So, too, that part of the piles under water and above mud was quickly destroyed by the teredo, or ship worm, and wharves and buildings alike went awry. Many planks were broken by carts, heavily loaded, and a host of "man holes" (so-called because so many drunken and sand-bagged men fell through them and sober men often got into them at night. No one could traverse these streets, by day or night, safely, without great care. Truly, San Francisco was built "in troublous times."

But the terraced hillsides soon became too contracted

for dwellings, but where could room be found? The mighty winds had taken up the dried sand on the sea beach and strewn it in great and ever-shifting waves over all the plain between the hills and the ocean. One making his way to the beach would have to climb up and down a hundred sand hills from ten to forty feet high, and these wavelike hills were never fixed, but were shifted by change of wind. Nor did the sand stop for the hills. Great sand-heaps gathered on and across these. My first climb in the city was up a sand-pile thirty feet high on the corner of California and Powell streets, the spot where, many years later, Stanford built his palace. I said to myself, "Here I will build and live," for the spot commanded the most beautiful panorama in the city. The view was unbroken from Alviso, around to Mt. Diablo and Tamalpais to the Golden Gate and the Presidio and far out to sea in two directions. I never built there. The nabobs covered those hilltops and to this day it is called "Nob Hill." I built on the corner of Jones and California streets, and there I had to use the winter rains to sluice down masses of sand into what is now California street to keep my house from being buried by the shafting sands. Smaller piles of sand gathered as far bayward as Howard and Third streets, and when the great enterprise of building a one-horse tram road out Howard Street to the Mission was undertaken, it had to cut a way through sand heaps all the way, and to build a high trestle bridge near where the Post Office is now located. All the region from the sea beach to the Russian Hill, and all the space Missionward, and far beyond the Mission, out into San Mateo county, was covered by these great fixed and yet ever-shifting waves of sand, and it was never safe to build a house in all that region until the city authorities sowed lupines and other seashore plants over many acres, so as to prevent the mighty winds from shifting the great army of sand-hills from place to place. Years later, David Hewes, who has lately built a "sky scraper" at Sixth and Market Streets, inaugurated the steam shovel, and built tramways for cars, and so moved these great masses of sand down into the shallows of the Bay, and so prepared the way for the massive structures of brick, stone and steel, that now house the larger part of the business that makes San Francisco famous.

So here we are, and other generations are crowding close on our tracks. Physically, San Francisco is a wonder among cities. Nature was against her, and Nature has been conquered. Earthquakes have shaken and threatened to destroy her, but she has kept on growing. Many times great fires have wiped her off the hills and plain, the last one, the most destructive ever visited on any city, wiping clean eleven to fifteen square miles of costly buildings, but she has buried her ashes, and sprung into larger and more beautiful life than ever before; and nothing in the way of growth seems now impossible for her. Great, growing, renowned San Francisco! Would to God her spiritual prosperity and prospects equalled the physical! May this ever be? With God all things are possible. Can faith make vision fact?

"The greatest man is he who chooses the right with the most invincible resolution, who resists the sorest temptations from within and without."

"Self conquest is the greatest of victories."

COLUMBUS.

Behind him lay the gray Azores,
  Behind the Gates of Hercules;
Before him not the ghost of shores;
  Before him only shoreless seas,
The good mate said: "Now must we pray,
  For lo! the very stars are gone,
Brave Adm'r'l speak; what shall I say?"
  "Why, say: 'Sail on, sail on, and on!' "

"My men grow mutinous day by day;
  My men grow ghastly, wan and weak."
The stout mate thought of home; a spray
  Of salt wave washed his swarthy cheek.
"What shall I say, brave Adm'r'l, say,
  If we sight naught but seas at dawn?"
"Why, you shall say at break of day:
  'Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on.' "

They sailed and sailed, as winds might blow,
  Until at last the blanched mate said:
"Why, now not even God would know
  Should I and all my men fall dead.
These very winds forget their way,
  For God from these dread seas is gone.
Now speak, brave Adm'r'l, speak and say——"
  He said: " Sail on! sail on! and on!"

They sailed. They sailed. Then spake the mate:
  "This mad sea shows his teeth tonight.
He curls his lip, he lies in wait,
  He lifts his teeth, as if to bite!
Brave Adm'r'l, say but one good word:
  What shall we do when hope is gone?"
The words leapt like a leaping sword:
  "Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!"

Then pale and worn, he paced his deck,
  And peered through darkness. Ah, that night
Of all dark nights! And then a speck——
  A light! A light! At last a light!
It grew, a starlit flag unfurled!
  It grew to be Time's burst of dawn.
He gained a world; he gave that world
  Its grandest lesson: "On! sail on!"

—Joaquin Miller.

WHITMAN COLLEGE VOTED A CONTRIBUTION BY THE GENERAL EDUCATION BOARD.

The trustees of Whitman College have received official announcement that the General Education Board of New York City will contribute to Whitman College from the income of the John D. Rosckefeller Fund for Higher Education the sum of $125,000 for the endowment of the College, provided that on or before June 30th, 1914, a supplemental sum of not less than $375,000 shall be contributed to the College in cash or pledges.

This sets upon the College the seal of approval of the General Education Board, perhaps the highest educational authority in the United States. After careful investigation of the College and a personal visit from the Secretary of the Board this contribution was voted, indicating the satis-

faction of the Board with the present condition of the College. Moreover, the amount of the gift, $125,000, is much more generous than the present size of the College would lead one to have expected, and it is a further indication of the confidence which the Board feels in the future influence of Whitman College. The importance of the gift to the Pacific Northwest is also very great. This is the first gift which the General Education Board has made in the Pacific Northwest. It expresses their desire to foster an institution standing for a high type of scholarship and moral character. When the conditions shall have been met, Whitman College will not be upon a firm foundation for future development, but will be able to extend its present thorough and scholarship work into new fields of effort for the public good.

The board of trustees of Whitman College in a recent statement says: "The conditions which the General Education Board makes are: That all subscriptions shall be satisfactory to the Board itself and payable in cash in not more than five equal annual installments. Of the entire sum of $500,000 to be secured, not to exceed $100,000 may be used for buildings and equipment, the balance of $400,000, including the contribution of the General Education Board, to be invested and preserved inviolably for the endowment of the College. It is further provided that no legacies shall be counted toward the fulfillment of the pledge; that no money shall be payable from the General Education Board under the terms of the pledge so long as Whitman College has any outstanding debts; and that no part of the income from the fund thus contributed by the Board shall ever be used for specifically theological instruction. Within ninety days after the Board has been satisfied that the conditions of the subscription have been fulfilled, it will pay in quarterly installments in equal ratio with the corresponding quarterly cash payments on the supplemental fund required, as such payments shall be certified by the President and Treasurer of Whitman College.

"Notice that the Board pays cash for cash, giving one dollar for every three dollars secured from other sources, until a total of $500,000 has been reached. The sooner Whitman College can meet these conditions and draw down the full amount, the better pleased the Board will be. The $125,000 is on deposit in the Board's treasury in New York City, waiting to be drawn upon by the College, but it can only be drawn upon as actual cash is received by the College from its subscription. It will be necessary therefore to secure at once valid subscriptions amounting to $375,000, which can be turned into cash within five years at the outside. Any remainder of the Board's subscription which shall not have been called for on the above terms within five years will thereupon be void.

"Last year the people of Walla Walla and the immediate vicinity raised $213,146.30 to clear the College from indebtness and to place it in condition so that it could receive this contribution from the General Education Board. The local constituency of the College are loyal and generous; they have given to the College with unusual liberality, as is shown by the fact that the total gifts from Walla Walla people actually received during the administration of President Penrose amount to $319,122.06. The population of the town in this time has grown from 6,000 to 20,000. At the latter figure these gifts represent a contribution of $15.96 per capita for every man, woman and child now in the town. It is therefore evident that if the conditions which the General Education Board makes are to be met, the amount must be raised outside of Walla Walla. Whitman College is not a local institution but a college for the whole country, and its influence in developing young men and women of the highest character and intelligence is a service rendered to the entire country. It is right and fair, therefore, in view of this public service and the extraordinary local support described above,that people outside of Walla Walla should be asked to contribute to the College in its present needs.

"It is not necessary to dwell upon the excellent internal condition of the College at the present time; the General Education Board has stamped that with its approval. We shall however be glad to give information on any point respecting the internal work or financial status of the institution. It is practically out of debt, is non-sectarian though earnestly Christian, and it serves particularly the educational needs of Washington, Oregon and Idaho, where it has the hearty backing of the leading men and organizations."

"THE RETURN OF PETER GRIMM."

By Albert W. Palmer, Plymouth Church, Oakland.

(From a second series of Sunday night addresses on "The Spiritual Message of the Modern Drama")

As some witty reviewer has said "the only grim thing about this play is its name." It is the story of the proprietor of Grimm's Tulip Farms in Central New York, a kindly though somewhat stubborn man, Peter Grimm, with a ward, Katje, who as he said, was prescribed for him by the doctor to keep him from becoming a cranky old bachelor.

Peter Grimm also has a nephew, Frederik, who is his heir, and whom he has sent abroad to study botany at Heidelberg and Leyden in order that he may carry on the famous business which has been in the family for many generations since the original Grimm came over from Holland.

It is the dream of Peter's life to see Frederik and Katje married, and Katje's children playing about the old Dutch homestead. With the characteristic perversity of man, he is quite blind to the insincerity of Frederik and to the fact that Katje is in love with James Hartman, his secretary.

Peter's most intimate friend is Dr. Andrew McPherson, a bluff old Scotch doctor with a keen interest in the Society for Psychical Research, and in the opening of the play the doctor, after enduring much bantering from Peter, finally secures from him a promise that which ever shall die first shall come back and attempt to communicate with the other.

Two other members of the household are Marta, the old Dutch servant woman, and William, a pale nervous little boy, the son of her daughter Anne Marie, whose father is unknown and whose mother, Anne Marie, is lost in the depths of the city.

In the first act Peter promises the doctor that if he dies first he will return and communicate with him; sends Willem, the boy, out to buy the circus tickets in response to the allurements of a clown, who has appeared at the window announcing the parade and singing the strange, weird little ditty.

"Uncle Rat has gone to town, Ha, H'm,
To buy his neice a wedding gown, Ha, H'm,
What shall the wedding breakfast be? Ha, H'm,
Hard boiled eggs and a cup of tea! Ha, H'm;

and finally he has wrung from Katje a most reluctant promise to marry Frederik.

These three last things accomplished, he settles down in his chair and silently and quietly passes away from the heart failure which the physician had foreseen. As the little group gather around him the boy rushes in from the street. "Sh! be still! He is dead", they say. "Dead! He can't be dead," shouts the boy, "I've got his tickets to the circus." And the curtain goes down.

Here you have a most remarkable and dramatic situation, a selfish and insincere young man left the sole heir to his uncle's property, a lovely girl left bound to the sacred promise to marry him though she doesn't love him.

The day before the wedding arrives.

Peter Grimm's will has been read to the infinite disgust of the minister's wife who receives, as her legacy, a miniature, the minister who is remembered with a watch fob, and the Judge who receives an old prayer book. While they are spluttering over Peter's treatment of them, Peter Grimm himself returns, not a ghost, no uncanny spooky presence, but the real Peter Grimm, hanging his hat up on the familiar nail, and looking just as he always looked, commenting on everything with the same shrewd humor and winsome smile.

He has come back to try to undo the wrong which now he realizes he has done to Katje, but though he has come back, and we in the audience can see him and hear him, no one upon the stage seems to be aware of his presence. He speaks to them, but they do not hear him. They brush past him and almost run over him, but do not see him.

He meets the doctor. "Andrew," he says, "I have come back. I apologize," But Andrew, deaf and blind to his presence, brushes past unheeding.

He talks to Marta, but the only attention he secures is that she turns and winds the clock. "Whenever she thinks of me," he says, "she winds the clock, and so we are not forgotten."

He finds Katje, alone in the room, weeping over the tragedy of her coming marriage. "Katje," he says, "I met your mother, and I told her of my arrangements, and she said to me 'Peter, you have made a great mistake. You have left out the most important thing of all. You have left out love," The girl, leaning against the mantel, does not hear him, but cries out in her grief "Oh! Peter why did you make me do it?" He cries to her "I do not want you to do it. I have come to tell you." And the girl, though not hearing him, still seems to respond to some happier impulse, and going over to the piano sits down and begins to sing, but Peter, unable to make himself understood, cries out in despair as he walks through his own house. "Is it possible that no one in this house can hear me?"

Frederik comes in, and finds in the mail a letter from Anne Marie, which, had it arrived before his death, would have revealed to Peter Grimm that Frederik was the father of Willem. Peter stands behind him as he reads and talks to him until he becomes nervous and seems to hear some one knocking at the door. He flings the door wide open to find no one there, but as he cries out "Who is at the door?" Peter Grimm answers, most impressively:

"I am at the door! Marta is at the door! Katje is at the door! Anna Marie is at the door! Willem is at the door. We are all at the door of your conscience!"

For a moment a better impulse seems to master Fredreik. He determines to tell all to Katje and set her free. "I feel as though someone else is doing my thinking," he says.

"Obey that impulse!" says Peter.

But on the stairs leading to Katje's room he pauses, turns back, and burns the letter, but has not time to burn the picture of Anne Marie, which she has enclosed in her letter, before Willem comes into the room, and so he tears it to little bits behind his back.

Peter's only hope of getting his message delivered now is through Willem, and the little boy, wso is now ill, in his fever and delirium seems to hear Peter, and Peter impresses upon him that he must remember that Frederik is his father, with whom he lived till he was five years old, and who made Anne Marie cry. Peter also directs his attention to the fragments of the picture and tells Willem to put it together again, and Willem recognizes in it a picture of his mother.

The finding of the torn picture of Anne Marie, once more put together, and the delirious boy's terrible fear of Frederik and his crying out as he points to him "That's the man who made Anne Marie cry" results in Frederiks being shown up in his true colors and Katje is at last set free.

Peter's strenuous efforts in undoing the wrong he has done having been at last successful, he bids Katje a most tender and beautiful farewell, reviewing in a wonderful beautiful way what her life is to be and his constant watchfulness over it. He closes with these touching words:

"Then, as a little old grandmother, a little old child whose bedtime is drawing near, I shall still see you; happy to sit out in the sunlight of another day; asking no more of life than a few hours still to be spent with those you love; telling your grandchildren how much more brightly the flowers used to blossom when you were young. All that happens, happens again.

"And then, one glad day, glorified, radiant, young once more, divinely young, you will come to us. And your mother and I shall take you in our arms again. Oh, what a meeting it will be! To you, many happy years away. To us, only a brief hour of waiting. We shall meet so perfectly then, the flight of Love to Love. And now," bending down once more and kissing her, "good night, my own little girl."

The end of the play, which follows, is most impressive. The boy is lying on a sofa when Peter Grimm comes in and speaks to him. Finally the boy not only hears him but sees him, climbs up upon his shoulder, and the two march to the back of the room. Just before they leave the doctor comes rushing in only to find the lifeless body of a boy upon the sofa, and kneeling down he says "He is dead," but Peter from the back of the room calls out gaily, "You're mistaken doctor. There was never so fair a prospect for life," and the real Willem, mounted on his shoulder, cries out in glee "Isn't it wonderful to be alive."

Singing the circus song "Uncle Rat has come to town, ah, um" he passes gaily out of the open door riding on Peter Grimm's shoulder.

There are three comments which I wish to make upon this play.

(1) It ought to be a terrible example to people who make wills not to attempt to impose their arbitrary decisions on other people after they have gone beyond the possibility of seeing and correcting their mistakes. Peter Grimm, as he himself expressed it, "had a terrible time getting his message over," and you might not be able to get yours over at all! So when you make your will impose as few conditions as possible, leave your money to those whose honesty and common sense you can trust, and leave them free to grow and develop unhindered by the iron rule of a dead hand.

(2) Some will ask is not this play a propaganda for

spiritualism? Indeed, I heard of one women who after seeing the play announced her intention at once of attempting to communicate with her dead husband through a medium. On the other hand I think that a careful study of the play will show that its treatment of spiritualism is remarkably sane and scientific. You will notice that Peter Grimm is in no sense a ghost, and has none of the characteristics of the weird Indian princess and little evas who are conjured up by the average greasy medium. There is no table tapping or slate writing of any of the rest of the stage setting so dear to the spiritualist seance. Peter Grimm's attempts to communicate with ordinary mortals are pathetically ineffective, he says good-by to Katje in the end in language which shows that he expects to be a silent sympathetic observer of her life from that time on, but with no expectation of communicating with her.

The matter of spirit communication, after all, is to be passed up to the scientists, and their investigations at present seem to result in the conclusion that the great mass of spiritualistic phenomena is fraud, that almost all of the genuine phenomena can be explained by means of telepathy, and that there remains a small residue of say three per cent the real nature of which is still in dispute. The play observes these scientific limitations, and all its events are capable of explanation without appealing to the hypothesis of spirit communication.

Neither this play, soberly analyzed, nor modern psychology stimulate to a belief in any large or adequate communication with disembodied spirits.

(3) But the great thing which this play does is to teach us to think of those who die not as laid away in the cemetery somewhere but rather as genuinely alive, set free from the limitations of the flesh.

"There is no death! the stars go down
To rise upon some other shore,
And bright in heaven's jewelled crown
They shine forevermore.

There is no death! although we grieve
When beautiful, familiar forms
That we have learned to love are torn
From our embracing arms,

They are not dead! they have but passed
Beyond the mists that blind us here,
Into the new and larger life
Of that serener sphere.

They have but dropped their robe of clay
To put their shining raiment on;
They have not wandered far away,
They are not "lost," nor "gone." ,

And ever near us, though unseen,
The dear, immortal spirits tread—
For all the boundless universe,
Is life: there are no dead!"

A TRIP TO JAPAN.

Rev. Sydney Strong and Miss Anna Louise Strong make announcement of the formation of a party for a trip to Japan. They will leave Seattle July 15th on the Japan Mail Steamship Company's Steamer "Tamba Maru" and return on the "Shidzuaka Maru," arriving in Seattle, September 11th—having four weeks in Japan. The itinerary will include Yokohama, Kamakura, Tokyo, Nikko, Chuzenzi, Hakone, Nagoya, Ise, Kyoto Nara, Osaka, Kobe, Hiroshima, Moji and the Inland Sea.

THE BIRDS AND BEES.

I think the bees, our blessed bees,
Are better, wiser far than we,
The very wild birds in the trees
Are wiser far, it seems to me;
For love and light and sun and air
Are theirs, and not a bit of care.

What bird makes claim to all God's trees?
What bees make claim to all God's flowers?
Behold their perfect harmonies,
Their common hoard, the common hours!
Say, why should man be less than these,
The happy birds, the hoarding bees?

—Joaquin Miller.

A LETTER FROM A WORRIED FATHER AND MOTHER.

Editor of The Pacific:

There is a question we would like to see discussed in your paper. It is this: "Petty Gambling at Church Fairs and Entertainments." It hides under the name of "Fish Ponds" and "Grab Bags," etc. Many ministers uphold it. Also good church people. But, is it right? Do they ever give full value? No! because it is gotten up to make money; and if full value were given no money would be made. Could they sell the things if they were put in plain sight of the buyers? Can a child who is old enough to reason get any good from buying two cents worth at a church fair and paying five cents for it when he knows the same can be bought at almost any store for two cents? Must we teach our boy not to play marbles "for keeps" and that it is wrong to gamble in any form, and then see our own church awaken that instinct in him? If we cannot give him the pleasure of the church entertainment then where can we take him? My husband and myself feel this very keenly. We were not brought up to this view, but have come to it through study observation and experience. I am not writing this in anger, but because we are discouraged and heart-sick.

So many will say, "I don't believe in it"; but will take no stand. So we are left alone in our fight—must be looked upon as cranks, mollycoddles; as being narrow. Sometimes I think the way of the Cross has been made so broad we lose sight of it altogether.

We would like to hear the views of others along this line. We ask it for the sake of the Church and other discouraged parents.

A WORRIED FATHER AND MOTHER.

P. S.—If the laws of California say that the "Grab Bags" sold in all candy and grocery stores a few years ago are unlawful, then are not these others just as unlawful? We are informed that no store is allowed to handle them any more. Is the church exempt from the law? If so, why?

Editorial Note.—The Pacific will gladly publish a few brief articles on this subject. Who can help the worried father and mother? Are they right or wrong in their attitude to this practice?

WHAT EDEN-LAND IS LIKE.

I know not where lies Eden-land;
I only know 'tis like unto
God's kingdom, ever right at hand—
Ever right here in reach of you.
Put forth thy hand, or great or small,
In storm or sun, by sea or wood,
And say, as God hath said of all,
Behold, it all is very good.

—Joaquin Miller.

TO READ OR NOT TO READ? THAT IS THE QUESTION!

There are some readers of The Pacific who should pass this article. All those who dislike to have an editor quote anything that is said in praise of the paper which he edits. Some of our choice and dear friends feel that way.

Nearly everybody knows that every editor gets enough criticism to keep him humble, and for such as have in mind only the advancement of the cause which they represent there ought to be excuse for an occasional word of praise.

We are so anxious to arouse the Congregationalists of the Pacific Coast to such an interest in The Pacific as will place it where it can help an increasing number of persons that we venture to quote a letter received on Tuesday of this week from the Rev. Herbert A. Jump, pastor of the First Congregational Church of Oakland. It is as follows:

Oakland, Cal., Feb. 24, 1913.

My dear Mr. Ferrier:

What a rich number of The Pacific rolled its billows of inspiration into my study last week! I can't help thanking you for some of the good things it contained. But the things that aren't mentioned by me were almost as good as the things that are mentioned.

You skimmed the cream of Joaquin Miller in your editorial; no doubt about that. When I was at his funeral that marvelously clear morning last week, I was wondering where worthy selection of his writing would first appear. The story of Dr. Fong Sec on the next page ought to be framed and hung in every pastor's study on this Coast. The "Trinity of Churches" article suggests much and is precisely the kind of "efficiency literature" that every church paper ought to have from time to time.

The "Beecher Story" was timely and fine. "Kate Douglas Wiggin's First Book" told most of us a new story about an old and beloved story; and the poetry was all good. The "Pescadero Pebbles" especially struck me as worth clipping. Please send me an extra copy of the paper. I want one to cut up and one to keep on file.

The other columns might also be mentioned specifically for commendation, but that isn't necessary. You deserve our thanks for such an issue. I wish every Congregational family on the Coast were taking the periodical. It would mean deeper denominational patriotism of the legitimate sort.

Cordially your friend,
HERBERT A. JUMP.

We wish it were possible to make Pacific Coast Congregationalists realize that no such paper as The Pacific has been for more than half a century can be published very many years longer if some way is not devised to gain entrance for it into a larger number of homes.

Letters are being sent out now to pastors and churches with the hope that such an interest may be created.

Every pastor is asked to lay the matter before his people as he would the cause of home or foreign missions or that of church building.

As a guide for the pastor and for any canvasser who may be secured the list of subscribers in his church is enclosed in each letter.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

Next Monday at the meeting of the Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity the address will be by Captain Day of the California Prison Board on "The Problem of the Prisoner and Its Solution."

In a recent message to his people the Rev. Herbert A. Jump of the First Congregational Church of Oakland said: "The boys and girls whom the revered Dr. McLean gathered about him are today the pillars of our temple. Even so must it be again. And if the time and attention devoted to the youth of our constituency mean that some of the mature members see less of the ministers and feel that worship is not framed exclusively for them, nevertheless a far look into the future will probably give to all of these mature members the spirit of ready sacrifice as they yield some of their preferences to the largest good of the lasting church."

Influences all over Washington and the Pacific Northwest are being brought to bear on the Rev. Dr. Raymond C. Brooks to induce him to remain at Walla Walla, and his acceptance of the calls to Berkeley is very uncertain. Dr. Brooks made a hurried visit to Berkeley last week for consultation, but reserved decision until he reached Walla Walla again. Word is expected from him in Berkeley on Wednesday of this week. An article elsewhere in The Pacific shows that a great campaign is being undertaken for Whitman College, and Dr. Brooks' influence is desired for that.

With reference to a modern and adequate equipment in the way of a new building the Rev. Herbert A. Jump of the First Congregational Church of Oakland said in a pastoral letter which was published in the church quarterly issued last week: "Let us prepare our minds to attack the question which is thrust upon us with ever-increasing force—how and when to give to the religious activity of this church an adequate equipment and a worthy architectural symbol. With other churches in Oakland and across the bay erecting their spacious and modern structures, the inquiry will soon take on this form: Is the First Church of Oakland willing to be left behind? Even if the all-important decision of what to do were made this month, it would be two years before the church would reap the results of that decision in the shape of a new building. It seems wise therefore, that the congregation as a whole quite apart from any official committee, should be discussing this problem seriously and prayerfully. That this is being done I have continual and gratifying evidence as I move about through the parish. Out of such a program of prayer and thought will issue wisdom and enthusiasm and unity of action whenever the constituted authorities deem the moment has arrived for formal discussion of projects."

Among the Churches.

CALIFORNIA.

Pacific Grove.—We received two new members this month. The Missionary Institute did us a great deal of good and I believe its results will be registered somewhat in the church's benevolences. We are to have Mr. Rathbone with us next Sunday, the 23d.

Redwood.—Last week Redwood City had the privilege of an illustrated lecture on "The Tour of the World" by Rev. Chas. C. Champlin of San Rafael. A large and appreciative audience gathered and were greatly entertained and instructed by the beautiful pictures. Mr. Champlin has the faculty, by his lucid descriptions, of making you feel as if you were on a journey and actually seeing the places thrown upon the screen.

Oakland, Myrtle Street.—The Good Cheer service of February was most happy. Each department reported progress. The feature of the service was the Boys' Choir—five old soldiers whose average age is seventy-two years and six months. A delightful event of the month was a lecture on Robert Louis Stevenson by Rev. E. Belden Hart of Petaluma. Mr. Hart has presence, voice and mind to charm his auditors. Washington's birthday was celebrated with a Colonial entertainment.

Corona.—Rev. Chester Ferris, Pastor. — During the year 1912, 41 members were received into this church, and 22 since the beginning of the year. The removals were also numerous in this changing population, amounting in the period to 33. Thus there are on the roll at the present time, including its absentees, 240, an increase of 100 over five years ago. Recently the church has enjoyed visits from Rev. H. H. Wikoff of the C. C. B. S., whose cheery message and genial presence are always a pleasure; and from Dr. Robert R. Meredith of Pasadena who, with much vigor and grace gave us two grand sermons, quite suggestive of those great days when he swayed the throngs in Boston or Brooklyn. In his serene way he uses the liberty of leisure to help in many ways various churches of the Conference. In spite of the severe freeze, which brings hardship to all this citrus country, our church has not for a long time been more active or in better courage and is in the midst of a most prosperous spiritual season.

WASHINGTON.

Sultan.—The Rev. G. H. Wilbur, recently of Pomeroy, takes charge of the work at Sultan for a few months, beginning the first of March.

Monroe. — A well-attended annual meeting was held January 30, with supper preceding. Reports from all departments were excellent. The ladies' report showed nearly $700 raised last year. A total of nearly $2,500 was raised for home expenses. The Sunday-school has had a substantial increase in membership and attendance. Two Christian Endeavor Societies have been organized. Twenty have been received into the church. M. A. Frost is pastor.

Seattle, Pilgrim.—The summary of a house-to-house canvass of 20 blocks made recently by Pilgrim Church in its immediate field, shows that of the 299 houses and apartments in which some one was found at home, the numbers of families which expressed a preference for a particular church or denomination were: Roman Catholic 40, Congregational 34, Presbyterian 30, Christian Science 25, Methodist Episcopal 21, Episcopal 20, Baptist 17, Christian 11, Jewish Synagogue 10, Methodist Protestant 9, Methodist South 6, scattering and miscellaneous 21. Eleven families declined to furnish information and ten never attend church, while thirty have no preference of church or denomination. Among the dividends declared from this small investment of time are six church letters unearthed, nine probable new members of Pilgrim Sunday-school, and thirteen newcomers who have been placed in touch with the church of their choice.

TACOMA AND VICINITY.

Rev. S. S. Healey has resigned Park Ave., and has become County Probation officer.

Rev. E. T. Ford, D.D., has resigned First Church to take effect May 15th. His resignation was not accepted but he has insisted that it be accepted.

Rev. F. C. Rolles has resigned Puyallup, but a strong pressure is being brought to bear to keep him in this locality.

At the Congregational Ministers Union last Monday, Rev. Harry M. Painter, of Steilacoom, read a paper on The Social Aspects of the Teachings of Jesus."

Rev. A. D. Shaw, Ph.D., continues to fill his church at the Sunday evening service, inviting various organizations, local bands and orchestras.

At the Annual Fellowship Meeting held under the auspices of the Congregational Extension Society last week Mayor Seymour, member of First, presided, and introduced Rev. Francis J. Van Horn, D. D., of Plymouth Church, Seattle, who gave a masterly address on "Lincoln's Problem and Ours," it being the great Emancipator's birthday. Pledges were taken for the support of the work for the current year.

Rev. E. C. Wheeler will review R. Fulton Cutting's new book on The Church and Society at the next meeting of the Tacoma Ministerial Alliance. At his suggestion, Mayor Seymour essayed to give 25 copies of this book to as many Tacoma ministers, but Dr. Cutting of New York anticipated his generosity, and gave them himself, express prepaid. This in connection with Dr. Harry Ward's visit to the Methodist churches is stirring up the social consciousness among the ministers hereabout.

Pilgrim Congregational Church, Tacoma, aiming as it does to keep in touch with all interests, announces for several Tuesday evenings a series of informal talks by Mr. E. R. Roberts on "City Yard and Garden." Topics as follows: Sweet Peas and Potatoes, Roses, Kitchen Garden, Summer Flowers and Dahlias, Lawn, General Culture of Yard and Garden.

Five o'clock vesper services are being held in Pil- March being as follows:

Feb. 9. The Church and Public Affairs by Rev. E. C. Wheeler.

Feb. 16. The Church and the Children. Public Morals Officer, Mr. W. F. Jurisch, Public Morals Officer, Mrs. W. S. Covell, Probation Officer, Rev. S. S. Healey.

Feb. 23. The Church and the Public School. Prof. J. K. Hart, University of Washington, Principal F. B. Kepner, Washington Grammar School. All teachers of Washington and Lowell Schools invited.

Feb. 28, Mar. 1 and 2. Ten University of Washington students, under the leadership of Mr. Wilfred Lewis, General Secretary of the Y. M. C. A., University of Washington, including James Sipprell, President of Junior Class and 165-pound wrestler; Herman Anderson, Captain-elect of next championship foo-tball team; Tom Wand, basket-ball guard and foot-ball star; Archie Campbell, No. 5 on 'Varsity crew for three years; Don Lew, Chinese wrestler, and others to be selected. These men are athletes, musicians and speakers.

March 9. The Church and Public Health. Commissioner of Public Health, Mayor W. W. Seymour, City Physician, Dr. Edwin W. Janes, School Physician, Dr. B. Elizabeth Drake.

Mar. 16. The Church and the Police. Commissioner of Public Safety, Mr. A. U. Mills, Chief of Police, Mr. A. P. Loomis. Invite all members of the Police Force.

E. TREMAYNE DUNSTAN.

The Rev. E. Tremayne Dunstan, pastor of the West Seattle Congregational Church, passed into the other life from his home in Seattle on the 18th of February. The death was sudden, and was from angina pectoris. Mr. Dunstan was 52 years old, and since coming to Seattle in 1908 had done a work which greatly commended him to all. He was born in Cornwall, England, in 1861. He received his early training under his father, who was schoolmaster. At the age of sixteen he began preaching as a Methodist lay-preacher. He graduated from Richmond College and at the age of twenty years was commissioned to go to South Africa. After spending four years in South Africa he returned to England, where he married Jane L. C. Smith, who survives him. In London Doctor Dunstan became assistant pastor to the famous Doctor Clifford. In 1888 he accepted a call to Perth, Australia, and became pastor of Trinity Congregational Church there, until he was called to Pitts Street Congregational Church, Sydney, in 1894.

As pastor of the Pitts Street Church, considered the mother church of Congregationalism in New South Wales, he preached to the largest congregation of Protestants in that part of the world. In 1904 he organized the Whitfield Institutional Church. While on a lecturing tour to Canada and the United States, in 1908, he accepted a call to the West Seattle Church, where he remained until his death. Under his guidance the church has grown steadily. Since he took the west side church he had received a number of calls, but chose to remain in Seattle. In a few months he would have taken out his final papers as an American citizen.

THE VOICE OF THE SNOW-PEAKS.

Yon bannered snow-peaks point and plead
God's upward path, God's upward plan
Of peace, God's everlasting creed
Of love and brotherhood of man.
Thou mantled magistrates in white
Give us His light! Give us His light!
—Joaquin Miller.

True, this age of gold and of getting will pass as the age of stone and the age of man eating passed; but our work is with our own age.—Joaquin Miller.

The Home.

GRUMBLERS.

Turning to the dictionary I find that Grumbling is defined as "making a low rumbling sound; grumbling, growling." This is the primary significance, and from that it passes to "complaint in a low surly voice, murmuring with discontent." Quarles writes in his "Emblems":

"Thou, thou whom winds and stormy seas obey,
That from the deep gav'st grumbling Isr'el way,
Say to my soul, be safe."

And William Morris, in the "Earthly Paradise," has:

"By the loom an ancient woman stood,
And grumbled o'er the web."

Grumbling is to be distinguished from the sighing of melancholy, from the moaning of grief, from the crying of despair. It is the habitual utterance of habitual discontent with circustances, and is as old as the children of Israel in the wilderness, and older still.

I begin by quoting the emphatic words of Mr. Arnold Bennett in "The Human Machine." "Listen, you confirmed grumbler, you who make the evening meal hideous with complaints against destiny—for it is you I will single out. Are you aware what people are saying about you behind your back? They are saying that you render yourself and your family miserable by the habit which has grown on you of always grumbling. 'Surely it isn't as bad as that?' you protest. Yes, it is just as bad as that. You say: 'The fact is, I know it's absurd to grumble. But I'm like that. I've tried to stop it, and I can't!' How have you tried to stop it? 'Well, I've made up my mind several times to fight against it, but I never succeed. This is strictly between ourselves. I don't usually admit that I'm a grumbler.' Considering that you grumble for about an hour and a half every day of your life, it was sanguine, my dear sir, to expect to cure such a habit by means of a solitary intention, formed at intervals in the brain, and then forgotten. No! You must do more than that. If you will daily fix your brain firmly for half an hour on the truth (you know it to be a truth) that grumbling is absurd and futile, your brain will henceforward begin to form a habit in that direction; it will begin to be moulded to the idea that grumbling is absurd and futile. In odd moments, when it isn't thinking of anything in particular, it will suddenly remember that grumbling is absurd and futile. When you sit down to a meal and open your mouth to say: 'I can't think what my ass of a partner means by ——' it will remember that grumbling is absurd and futile, and will alter the arrangement of your throat, teeth, and tongue, so that you will say: 'What fine weather we're having!' In brief, it will remember involuntarily, by a new habit. All who look into their experience will admit that the failure to replace old habits by new ones is due to the fact that at the critical moment the brain does not remember; it simply forgets. The practice of concentration will cure that. All depends on regular concentration. This grumbling is an instance, though chosen not quite at hazard."

Am I Grumbling?

This is a question which a certain gracious lady known to me is wont to ask herself. She is not a grumbler, but she is afraid of becoming one. When she is fluently giving an account of an experience, she checks herself by the interrogation. Well, just as we are all shirkers at heart, we

are all grumblers at heart, and it takes some thought and effort to forbear the practice. Perhaps grumbling is to considerable extent a matter of temperament. Hausrath says that the South Germans were given to grumbling, and he described their habit as Jammerbaserei. There are grumbling families, and the members easily catch the habit. The true grumbler is at his worst when he is travelling. He may be travelling through the finest scenery in the world, and instead of giving his soul away to the emotion of wonder, he grumbles about his soup, about the discomforts of the train, about the loss of luggage, and a hundred things of the kind. I was told by a lady who has spent many years in Florence that in Italian boarding houses the talk almost always turns on the boarding-house arrangements and the food. Very decent people get to grumbling about the dinner. They are asked why they do not leave, but they continue because they do not want to leave, as a rule. They enjoy grumbling, and they forget its wearing, wearying effect on the people who listen to them. I have seen it remarked that if there are three or four men in really confidential talk relieving their minds of what comes uppermost, or if we observe a man in a state of snug, comfortable, communicativeness, encircled by sympathising women whom he believes to take an interest in his affairs—grumbling is the occupation. The speakers are telling their grievances, showing in various ways how the world has ill-used them, and plotted against them, and deprived them of their deserts. The grumblers receive little but a courteous attention, but that is all they require. They are getting relief in giving vent to their self-pity, and they are satisfied.

Temporary Inconveniences.

There is such a thing as grumbling about temporary inconveniences, and the habit, when indulged in, is both odious and cowardly. Every sensible person knows that he cannot do certain things without a little ruffling and discomfort. If it is only so small a thing as to cross the Atlantic, it means very likely sea-sickness, and that is unpleasant, boring companions, and that also is unpleasant, and, in addition, an immense ennui. Yes, but how can it be otherwise? If you have a grain of sense you know that you must meet such things, and if you are not prepared to meet them in good humour, why not stay in your easy chair at home? The people one wishes to meet with and to live with are those who look on the bright side of things, who see and seize the chances of happiness and enjoyment, who dismiss from their minds as soon as they may be whatever has gone awry.

Tormenting One Another.

Grumbling is apt to flourish exceedingly and uncomfortably in homes where the inmates have not learned the art of living together. They know the weak places and the sore places in one another. They know how to annoy, how to object, how to criticise. Sometimes the parents torment the children, and sometimes it is the other way. In her autobiography Harriet Martineau tells how her mother kept continuously grumbling at everything the daughter did. When Harriet seemed to be a failure, when her outlook on life was bleak, her mother grumbled. When Harriet became a success, and was the lion of London evening circles, she brought her mother with her, and the old lady was at least as much discontented with the prosperity as she had been with the failure. Contrast the rugged peasant father of Thomas Carlyle. He was no polished gentleman, he had no skill to disguise his feelings; but when his formidable son, a man without a skin, came to live in the farmhouse at the crisis of his life, after he had thrown up the Church and failed to find any honest way of living, his father never said a word to fret him, never questioned him as to what he meant to do. The son has put gratefully on record this fact, adding that he himself was at that time in such a savage and moody temper that one word of criticism or of complaint would have driven him out of doors. There are husbands and fathers who come from business to their little homes in the suburbs and make everyone miserable. They have much to say about the rebuffs and the slights they have met with at the office, and they are supremely discontented with the fare provided for them, and with everything else. Often I am afraid it is the children who grumble. The careworn, burdened father and mother have to take on the load of their complaints. They talk about the dull life which they are living, about their total exclusion from the society they desire, about the very few amusements they are able to enjoy, and the grumbling makes the home that might have been happy quite wretched. How loyally and majestically does the hero of the "Diary of a Nobody" survey his little villa and its furniture, and his wife, and even his insufferable son.

There is something plausible about the theory that the pre-eminent and typical grumbler is a man who at one time or other of his life has been lifted out of his natural and just level. The men whose existence has been one uniform struggle to keep their heads above water, without any lifts or steppingstones that can be pointed out, are very seldom grumblers. They are thankful for what they have received. But if there has been in life a certain rosy hour, and if that hour has passed, there is a tendency to repine and to measure discontentedly the present with the past. A preacher, for example, has drawn crowds for a time, and he outlives his popularity. Week by week he contrasts the moderate congregation with the throng that once filled the aisles. He will tell you if you talk to him that religion in this country is in a very bad way. He will add that things were very different in the seventies or in the eighties, or in whatever decennium his fame was great. Or an author perhaps makes one year a brilliant success, and that proves to be the zenith from which he descends. When he is told that publishers will not pay the advance royalities they used to do, he sees clearly that the taste for literature is declining. I know a man connected partly with publishing and partly with journalism, and very unsuccessful in both. During the American war he produced a play dealing with the subject which had a considerable success. He immediately settled and expatiated in that success, and descended from it with infinite reluctance. He was a lifelong grumbler, but he used to go back to that time when he appeared to be above the struggling crowd, and in the place that was his by rights.

No Prize.

Another period of grumbling is that in which a man discovers that the good time is not coming, that the prizes are not for him, that he is never to make a figure in the world. Let me define more exactly. An ambitious youth thankfully accepts a humble situation. He is confident that his gifts will make room for him, and that the limitations of the present will soon disapear. For the first few years he is fairly patient and hopeful. Then he realises that youth is past, and that it is time for his promotion. Somehow the

promotion does not come. He does his best to get out of his narrow environment, but he fails. One vacancy after another occurs, but his applications are not successful. Some of his contemporaries who started with no fairer promise than his are quietly climbing the ladder. But he remains where he was. These years of waiting are apt to be querulous, grumbling years. Then comes the day when he accepts the reality. There is no exit for him save by dying. The highest natures accept their destiny, and attempt, and often successfully, a reconciliation with their surroundings. To do this is to achieve a triumph. To study afresh the possibilities of happiness in a humble place is often to make rewarding discoveries. But there are others who become soured. They keep on grumbling, and the blame of their failure is cast upon others, and often upon those who are nearest and should be dearest. There may be no blame attaching to anyone. The misery may have arisen simply from an over-estimate of their own powers. Anyhow, grumbling is a poor way of explaining disappointment.

The truth is that few of us have any right to grumble. Life is full of disappointment, mortification, and heartache, but these are not the whole of life. Let me ask the reader to think over the list of his friends. I have done so, and I think that with few exceptions people are moderately happ. On the whole, the balance of their life inclines to the good side. When men have work to get through, and fair health and a moderate provision for their needs, they do not miss their share of happiness. On the whole, they find not a little to be thankful for. As the years pass on, the sense of abounding life declines, and yet life is worth living. Is there any cure for grumbling? Yes, there is the cure of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch."

"Count your blessings, name them every one,
And it will surprise you what the Lord hath done."

—Cluadius Clear in British Weekly.

REFINED SPEECH IN THE HOME.

Savoring of the "other days" of careful speech is the announcement of a5-year old Bostonian concerning the "swearing" proclivities of her young brother. "He said 'ain't,' " she declared in tearful humiliation.

The little Puritan didn't know about the fine print note in the grammar that reluctantly acknowledges "ain't" as the legitimate contraction of "am not," but she was a true adherent of good usage, and to her acute sense of propriety her brother's "I ain't either" was a profanity to be blacklisted along with such illegitimate expressions as "He ain't, either," "She ain't either," "It ain't, either."

In this day of exacting technique in the other arts, the neglect of technique in the English language is surprising. How seldom does one find in the home the serious practice of speech! Nor are we as a people unconscious of this neglect. We regret the limited vocabulary that keeps us to the level of the colloquial and welcomes the slangy phrase as a refreshing means of relief. And as parents, we shrink from such brusque rejoinders as "Cut it out" or such senseless interpolations as "Good night!" that fall from our daughter's lips quite as glibly as from the lips of her brother.

"Times have changed," we sigh. "We were brought up to speak grammatically." Our grandmothers saw to that—as did our mothers. "Why," says one mother sincerely troubled because of the careless speech of her daughters, "my grandmother never went to school a day after she was 9 years old, but no one ever heard her make a grammatical error."

"But," she was asked, "how was your grandmother able to speak correctly with such meager instruction?"

"By studying her grammar, her Bible and her classics," was the immediate answer.

Further discussion brought out the fact that this grandmother not only sought a refined expression but that she practiced the art expression as well, and saw that those about her practiced it.

Until parents in the home insist as diligently on the practice of the English language as they insist on the practice of music and other accomplishments, we shall have talking-by-ear sons and daughters, grammatically imperfect and rhetorically rough. Rather to be desired is the pseudo-cultured state of that little Bostonian, to whom "ain't" was a "swear word," than that out-of-tune condition which carelessly accepts with equanimity from the rosy lips of our otherwise gently bred daughters the barbarous "He don't," "It's her," and—yes, the jarring "Now, what do you think of that?" the vulgar "Don't you think it!" or the alarming "Go chase yourself!"

"What are our schools doing?" complain the parents. "Why don't they teach the children, especially the grown boys and girls, to speak correctly?"

Is it because to the present-day teacher the spirit of simple expression is lost in the effort to bring out the so-called larger critical appreciation of literary form and motive? This explanation was suggested to one who recently listened to a critical analysis of a classic given by a high school pupil in the loose, slangy phrases of current every-day speech.

If our schools are passing through an ungrammatical period, as some claim, then doubly does there rest upon the parents the responsibility of preserving refined speech in the home.—Alice Urban, in The Continent.

GOOD CHILDREN STREET.

There's a dear little home in Good-Children Street
My heart turneth fondly today,
Where tinkle of tongues, and patter of feet
Make sweetest of music at play;
Where the sunshine of love illumines each face,
And warms every heart in that old-fashioned place.

For dear little children go romping about
With dollies, and tin tops, and drums;
And, my! how they frolic, and scamper, and shout
Till bedtime too speedily comes!
Oh, days they are golden, and days they are fleet,
With little folk living in Good-Children Street.

'Tis so the dear children go romping about,
And, I venture to say, they are sadly put out
When an end to their jubilee comes.
Oh, days they are golden and days they are fleet,
With little folk living in Good-Children Street.

—Eugene Field.

In God's own time the veil of mortality will be drawn aside and all that is now obscure will be clearly seen in the unfailing light of heavenly beauty.

MILLS COLLEGE

Only Woman's College on Pacific Coast.

Suburbs of Oakland, California.

Full collegiate courses leading to degrees. Entrance and graduation requirements equivalent to those of Stanford and University of California. Students fitted to teach regular lines of academic work and Home Economics. Special advantages offered in music, are and library study. Well-equipped laboratories, modern gymnasium. Provision for out-door life and amusements. Christian influences, non-sectarian. Courses so arranged that students may enter either semester. Semesters open in August and January. President Luella Clay Carson, A.M., Litt.D., LL.D. For catalogue address Registrar, Mills College P. O., California.

POMONA COLLEGE

CLAREMONT, CALIFORNIA.

A Christian College of High Standards and Fine Equipment, in an Ideal Location.

For catalogue and illustrated pamphlet Address, THE SECRETARY.

Pacific Theological Seminary

—Located at—

Berkeley.

Seat of the University of California. Curriculum modern, thorough, practical. Valuable University advantages free. Open to qualified students of any unexcelled. Expenses low. Next year opens August 19, 1913. Address President, C. S. Nash, D. D.

Free Kindergarten Normal School

of the

Golden Gate Kindergarten Association

Accredited by the State Board of Education.

Miss Virginia Fitch, President.

Miss Anna M. Stovall, Principal.

Address: 1617 California St., Room 7, San Francisco, Cal.

Telephone Franklin 2827.

A BARGAIN.

"This car cost me thirty-five hundred dollars, Blathers, but I'll let you have it for two thousand, eh? It's a clean gift of fifteen hundred," said Bolivar. "Eh, what do you say?"

"No," said Blathers, "I can't do that, but suppose you give me five hundred dollars and keep the car, eh? Clean saving of a thousand, eh? What?"—Harper's Weekly.

Some years ago a prominent man went into the business of raising hogs. A friend congratulated him on his success, as his breeds were certainly fine. "Hogs!" replied he contemptuously. "Why, these people never know what a big hog was till I came here." And he wondered why they laughed.—Ex.

An Irishman, who had a pig in his possession, was observed to adopt the constant practice of filling it to repletion one day and starving it the next. On being asked his reason for so doing, he replied: "Sure, I like to have bacon with a streak o' fat and a streak o' lean, equality one after the other."—Selected.

AMERICAN BOARD INSTITUTES.

Itinerary of the Two Teams in the Pacific Coast District.

Team No. 1.

Walla Walla, Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 22-23.

Everett, Jan. 29, Wednesday afternoon and evening.

Tacoma, Jan. 30-31, Thursday evening, Friday afternoon and evening.

Forest Grove, Feb. 5, Wednesday afternoon and evening.

San Jose, Feb. 12, Wednesday afternoon and evening.

Claremont, Feb. 19 or 20, Wednesday or Thursday afternoon and evening.

Combined Teams.

Spokane, Wash., Saturday to Tuesday, Jan. 18-21.

Seattle, Wash., Saturday to Tuesday, Jan. 25-28.

Portland, Oregon, Saturday to Tuesday, Feb. 1-4.

Sacramento and Stockton, Saturday to Tuesday, Feb. 8-10.

San Francisco Bay region, Saturday to Tuesday, Feb. 15-18.

Los Angeles, Cal., Saturday to Tuesday, Feb. 22-25.

Team No. 2.

Colfax, Jan. 21, Tuesday afternoon and evening.

North Yakima, Jan. 24, Friday afternoon and evening.

Snohomish, Jan. 28, Tuesday afternoon and evening.

Bellingham, Jan. 29, Wednesday afternoon and evening.

Vancouver, Jan. 30, Thursday afternoon and evening.

Corvallis, Feb. 5, Wednesday afternoon and evening.

Salem, Feb. 6, Thursday afternoon and evening.

Santa Cruz, Feb. 12, Wednesday afternoon and evening.

Pacific Grove, Feb. 13, Thursday afternoon and evening.

Santa Barbara, Feb. 19, Wednesday afternoon and evening.

Riverside, Feb. 21, Friday afternoon and evening.

San Diego, Feb. 25, Tuesday afternoon and evening.

Redlands, Feb. 26, Wednesday afternoon and evening.

Speakers Available for Above Program.

Rev. Brewer Eddy, Associate Secretary of the American Board, Boston; Rev. Chas. L. Storrs, Jr., Foochow Mission, China; Rev. Robert Chambers, Western Turkey Mission; Mrs. Geo. B. Cowles, American Zulu Mission, South Africa; Rev. Miles B. Fisher, Pacific Coast Secretary C. S. S. & P. S. San Francisco; Rev. H. Melville Tenney, Pacific Coast Secretary A. B. C. F. M., San Francisco; a possible representative of the Woman's Board of Missions of the Pacific.